

GOLD
KEY

CAVE KIDS

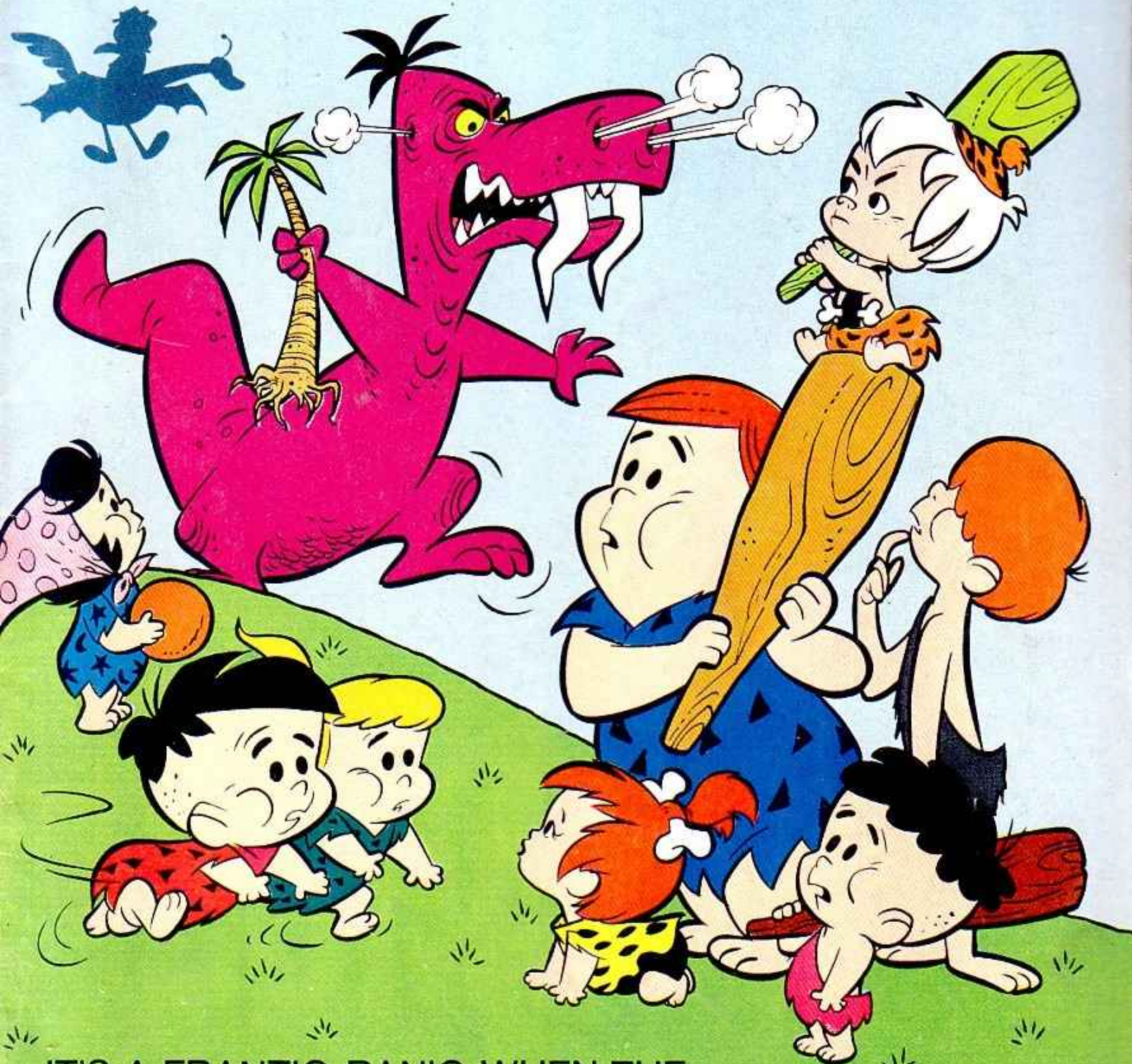
BE

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



IT'S A FRANTIC PANIC WHEN THE
CAVE KIDS MEET THE TERRIBLE TYRANT-A-SAURUS!

Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

The TERRIBLE TYRANT-A-SAURUS

WOW! HOW DID YOU EVER MANAGE TO CATCH SUCH A BIG FISH, SMALL STUFF?

YOU MUST HAVE HAD A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE!



NOTHING TO IT! IT WAS AS EASY AS FALLING INTO A QUARRY!



AW, WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLING ANYHOW?

WE'RE NOT DUMB BUNNYSAURUSES!

BUT I JUST COULDN'T HELP MYSELF, FELLAS!



IT WAS IN MY FUTURE FOR ME TO CATCH THIS WHOPPER FISH!

HUH?

IN YOUR FUTURE!?!



YES! GYPSY CRYSTAL SAW ME CATCH IT IN HER CRYSTAL BALL BEFORE I EVEN THOUGHT OF GOING FISHING!

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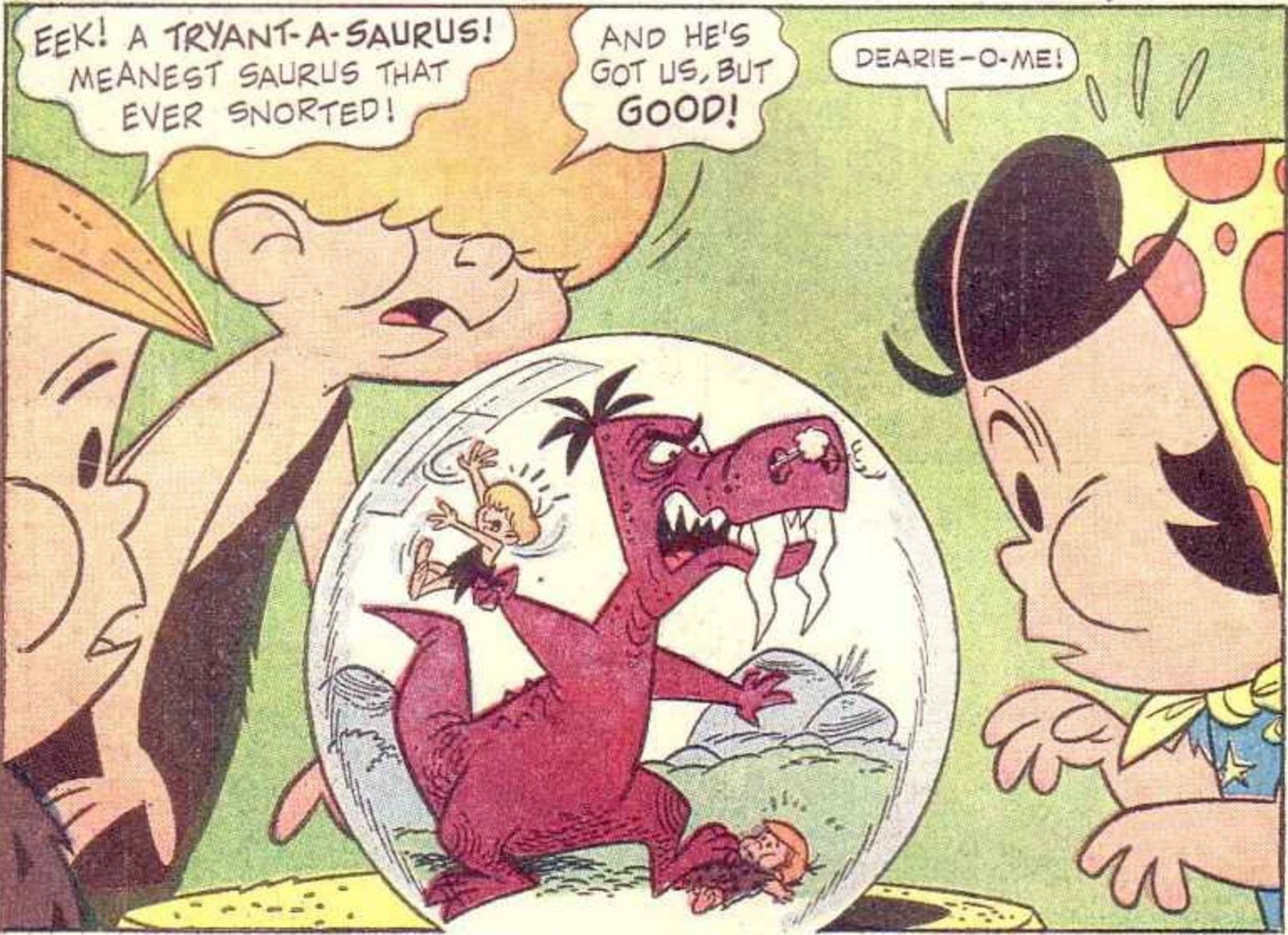
DON'T YOU HAVE ENOUGH PATIENCE TO AT LEAST TRY THE *MID* FUTURE?

SURE WE DO! WE'RE NOT SISSIES!



WE'LL EVEN TAKE A GAPE AT THE *DISTANT* FUTURE!

BRISK RUB-A-DUB IT IS!



EEK! A TRYANT-A-SAURUS! MEANEST SAURUS THAT EVER SNORTED!

AND HE'S GOT US, BUT GOOD!

DEARIE-O-ME!



A FINE ONE YOU ARE, GYPSY!

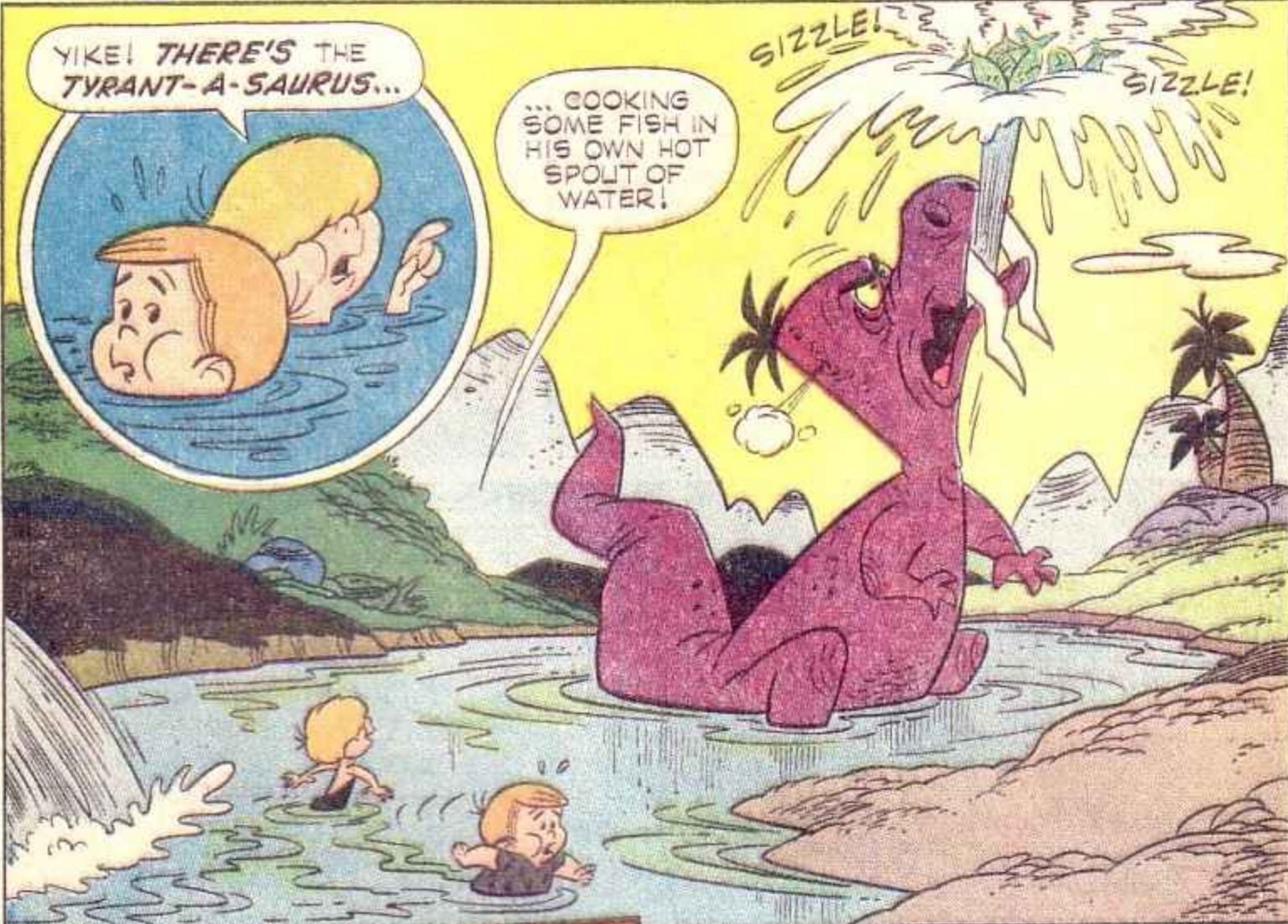
I DON'T MAKE THE FUTURE... I JUST VIEW IT!



ROOONT!!

TH-THE CRY OF A TRYANT-A-SAURUS!





YIKE! THERE'S THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS...

... COOKING SOME FISH IN HIS OWN HOT SPOILT OF WATER!

SIZZLE!

SIZZLE!



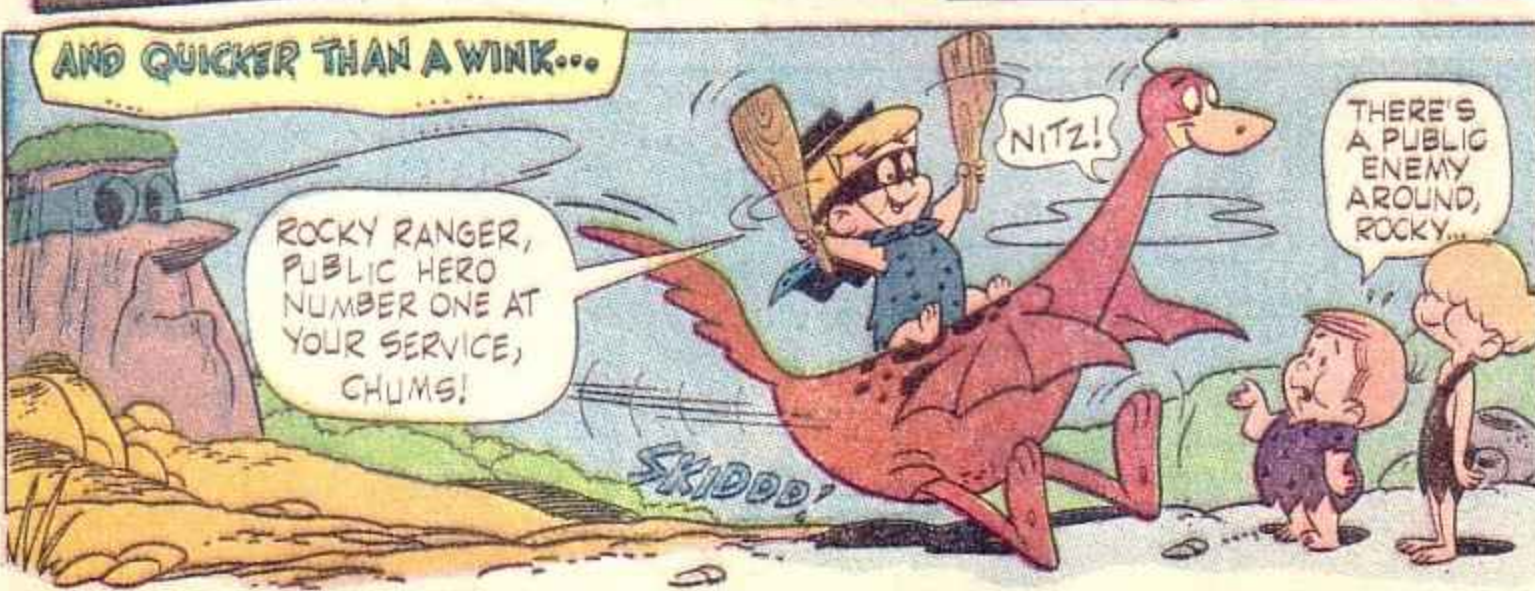
YOU KNOW SOMETHING, BUDDY... I DON'T THINK WE CAN AVOID THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS IN OUR FUTURE!

MAYBE SO... BUT THEN LET'S BE VICTORIOUS OVER THE BEAST!



HALP!

GOOD IDEA!
HALP!



AND QUICKER THAN A WINK...

ROCKY RANGER, PUBLIC HERO NUMBER ONE AT YOUR SERVICE, CHUMS!

NITZ!

THERE'S A PUBLIC ENEMY AROUND, ROCKY...

SKIDDD





LOOK! LITTLE BAMB-BAMM IS WORKING IN THE QUARRY MAKING GRAVEL!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, BUDDY...

**SMASH!
BASH!**

**STONE
FOR
SALE**



IF BAMB-BAMM CAN MAKE GRAVEL OUTA BOULDERS... MAYBE HE CAN MAKE **TID-BITS** OUTA THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS!



SIC HIM, LITTLE CHUM!

BAMB-BAMM!

**ROONT!
ROONT!
ROONT!**



**BOWNK!
BOWNK!**

I SORTA FEEL SORRY FOR THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS NOW!



YIKES! HE'S TURNED THE HAMMER INTO MOLTEN LAVA!



THAT ONLY MADE HIM MADDER THAN EVER!

RUN! HE'S THROWING A REGULAR TYRANT-TYPE FIT!

ROONT!

BALANCED MOUNTAIN

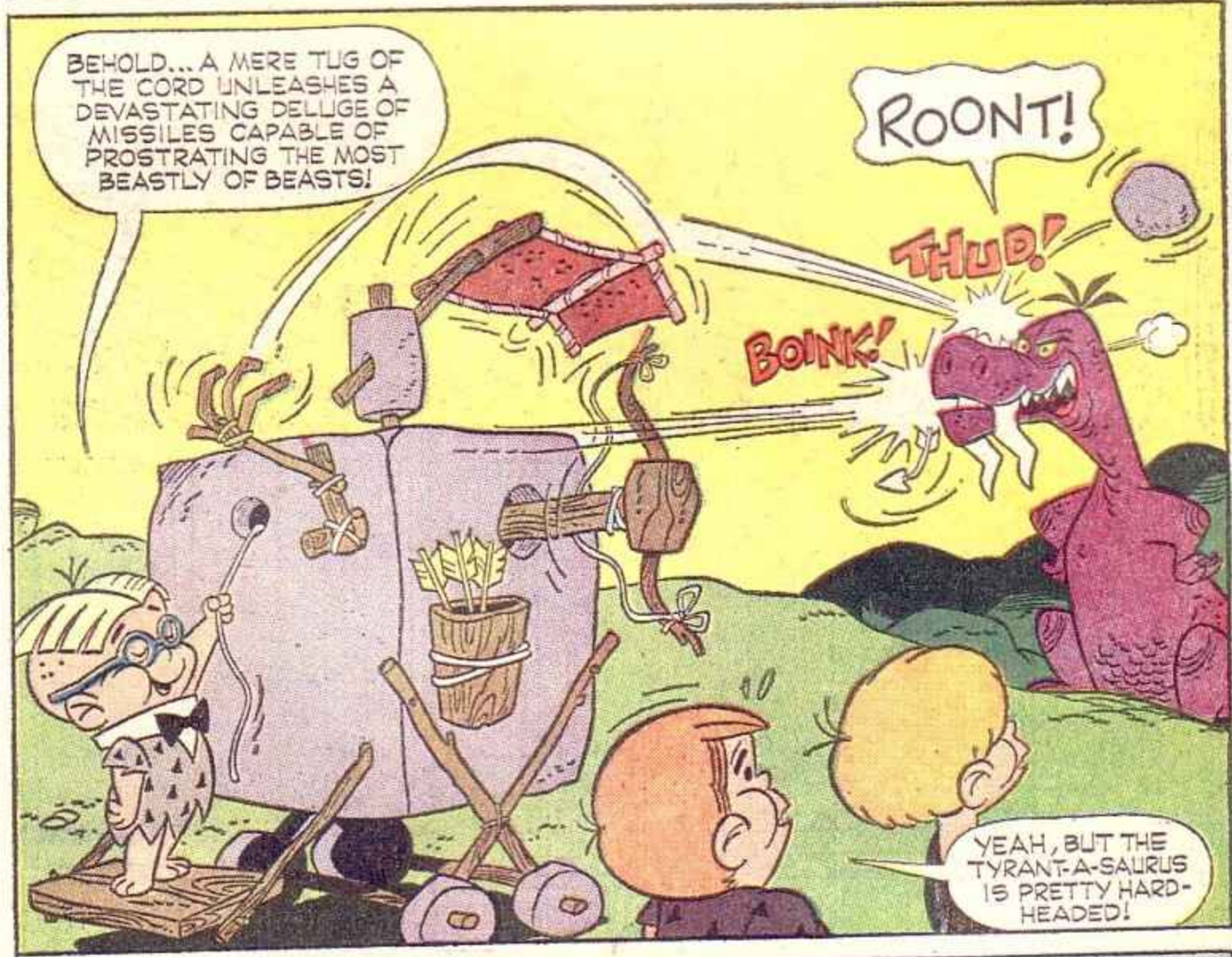


WHY NOT LET **SCIENCE** TAKE OVER WHERE CRUDE FORCE HAS FAILED, FELLAS?

IZZY EINSTONE!



I HAVE AN AUTOMATIC MACHINE THAT WILL SAVE THE DAY!



BEHOLD... A MERE TUG OF THE CORD UNLEASHES A DEVASTATING DELUGE OF MISSILES CAPABLE OF PROSTRATING THE MOST BEASTLY OF BEASTS!

ROONT!

BOINK!
THUD!

YEAH, BUT THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS IS PRETTY HARD-HEADED!

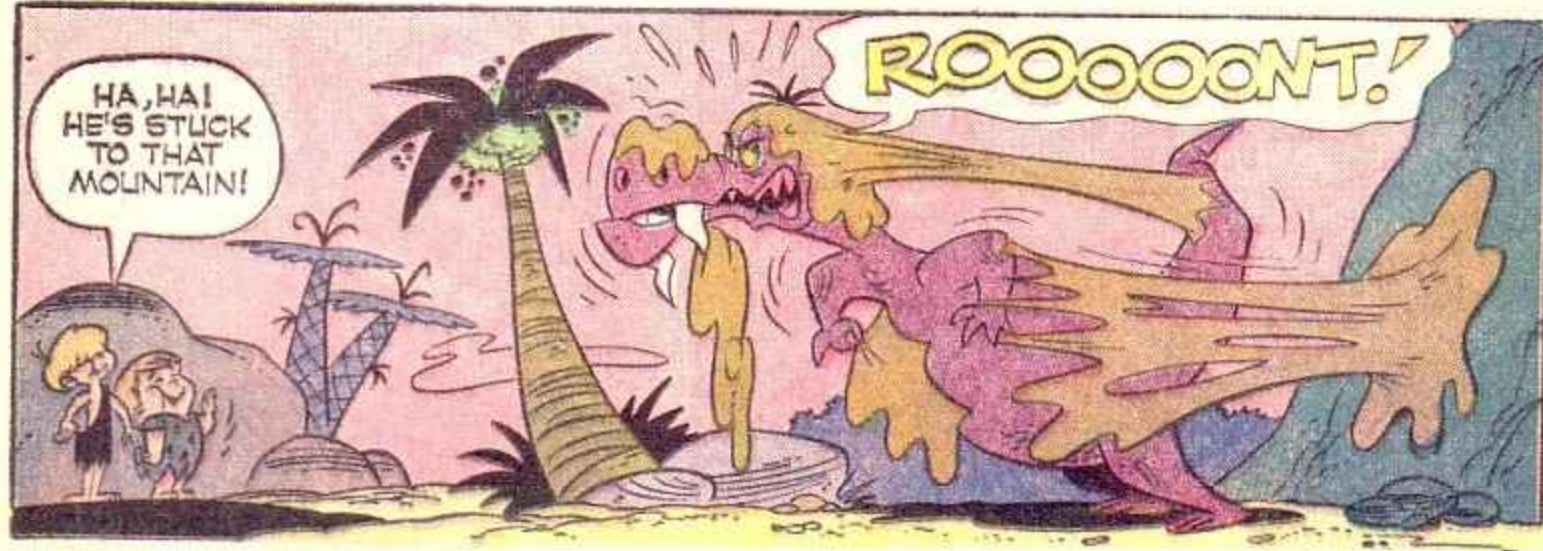


INDEED! WELL, LET'S SEE HIM COPE WITH **THIS!**...



... A TUB FULL OF **LIQUID RUBBER** WILL SURELY HOPELESSLY ENSNARE HIM!

SPLITCH!



HA, HA!
HE'S STUCK
TO THAT
MOUNTAIN!

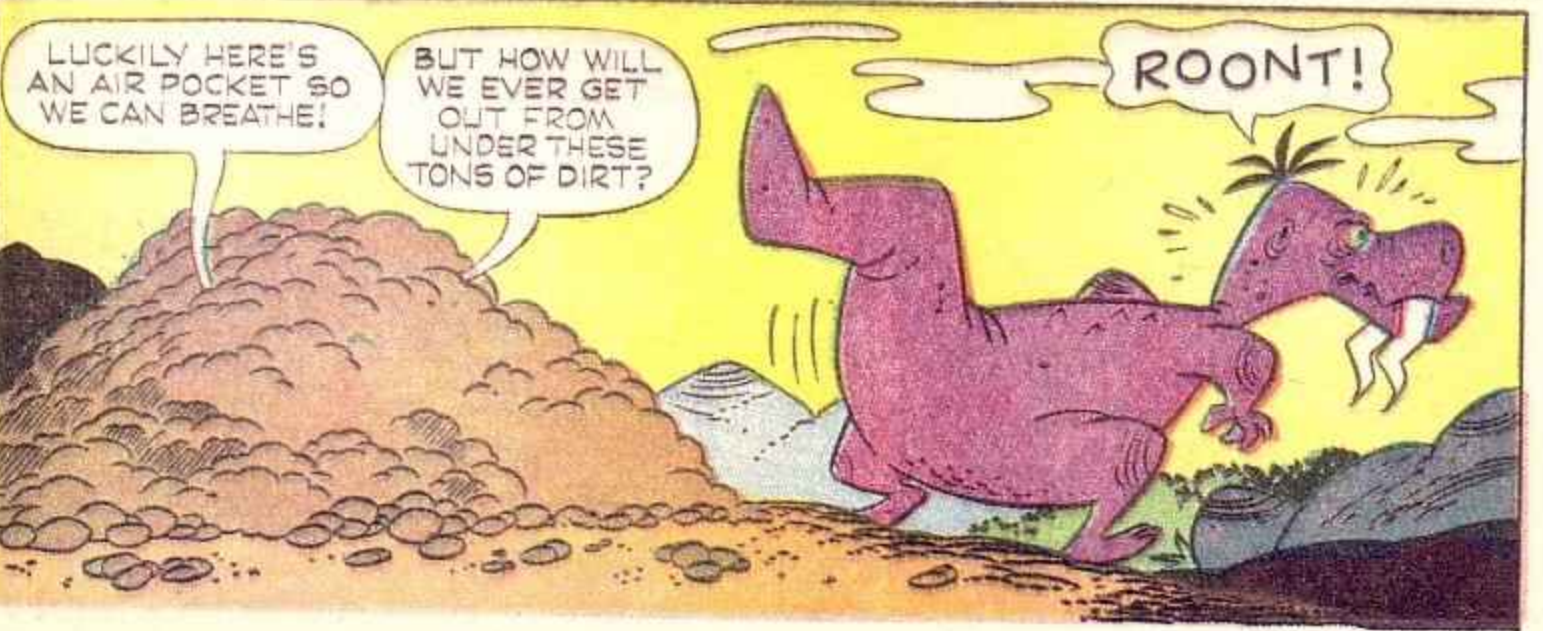
ROOOOONT!



SNAP!

H-HALP!
WE'RE BEING
PLOWED
UNDER!

CHUNK!



LUCKILY HERE'S
AN AIR POCKET SO
WE CAN BREATHE!

BUT HOW WILL
WE EVER GET
OUT FROM
UNDER THESE
TONS OF DIRT?

ROONT!

BUT BEFORE LONG...

GREAT DAY! WHAT BIG CREEPING SPECIMENS!

YAY! DUG UP BY ZOOLY AMEBA, THE AMATEUR ZOOLOGIST!

MY GOODNESS! HOW DID YOU BOYS GET SO DIRTY?



WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS, GIRLS!

FIGHTING?!

NO WONDER YOU'RE A MESS!

YOU'RE NOT AS *ADVANCED* AS *WE* ARE!

ABBA DABBA GOO!



WELL, HOW WOULD YOU DEAL WITH A MISERABLE MONSTER!?

EASY...



COME ON, GIRLS...LET'S OVERCOME THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS WITH *LOVE* AND *GENEROSITY*!

ABBA DABBA YAH!



WELL, HE'S EATING ALL THEIR MUFFINS, COOKIES AND PIES!

WHO WOULDN'T?

SLUP!
SLUP!





FINALLY, TO OVERCOME HIS COLD-BLOODEDNESS ...WE KNITTED HIM A SWEATER!

PEBBLES EVEN DONATED THE WHEELS OFF HER CARRIAGE TO BE USED AS **BUTTONS!**

ABBA DABBA AH-H!

ROONT!



E EK!
HE'S EATING THE SWEATER!



BUT LOOK OUT... HE DOESN'T CARE FOR THE **BUTTONS!**



SEE, GIRLS ... YOU CAN'T WIN OVER A NATURALLY NAUGHTY CRITTER WITH NICENESS!

ABBA DABBA OOOH!

(ULP!) WE'RE CONVINCED!

SPUT! SPUT!

MAMA!

ZING!

ZING!



I'M AFRAID THE TRYANT-A-SAURUS IS UNCONQUERABLE AND UNCONKABLE!

HUMPH! WHY DON'T YOU ASK **MY** ADVICE !?!



SAY... YOU **ARE** AN AMATEUR EXPERT ON **ANIMALS**, AREN'T YOU, ZOOPLY?

AND HOW! ALL YOU'VE GOTTA DO IS LEAD THAT BEAST INTO **NO-MAN'S LAND...**

THE MANY MONSTERS WHO LIVE THERE CAN COPE WITH THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS!

YOU'RE A GENIUS, ZOOPLY!

HEY, BIG 'N' BEASTLY...

YAH-YAH! TRY AND CATCH US, TY, OLD GUY!

HUMPH! THE OSTRICHEROO IS NO HELP.. HIDING IN HIS OWN POCKET LIKE THAT!

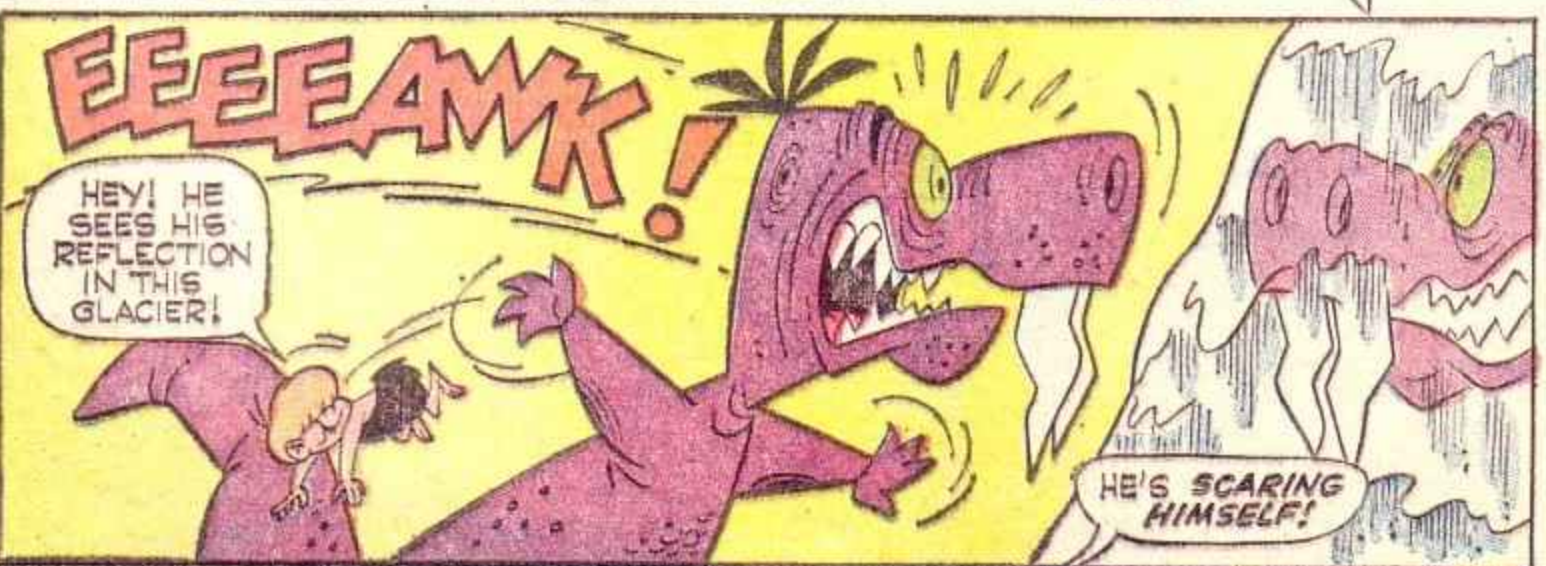
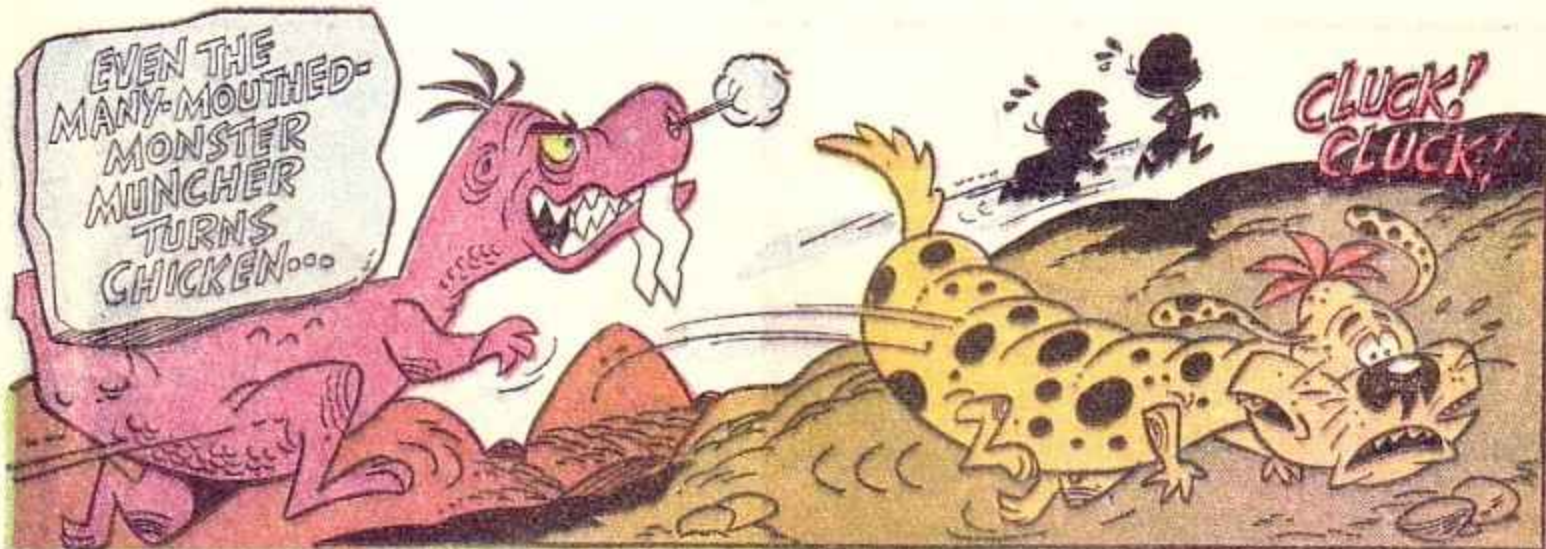
IT'S OKAY! THERE ARE TOUGHER SAURUSES AHEAD!

EEEK!

ROONT!

BUT THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS IS SO FIERCE-LOOKING THAT HE PANICS THE FIERCEST OF SAURUSES...

ROONT!



BOY! I DON'T THINK HE'LL EVER STOP RUNNING!

HAPPENS TO EVERY CRITTER THAT LOOKS AT UM' SELF IN ICE!

ESKY MOB

MONSTERS ARE THEIR OWN WORST ENEMIES, EH? HA, HA!

SAY... NOW THAT WE KNOW THAT WE NEED NEVER AGAIN FEAR ANY CREATURE!

AND AS SOON AS I TELL ROCKY RANGER, LET'S ALL HAVE A BIG CELEBRATION...

?

AND SO, THE HERO-BUSINESS IS REVOLUTIONIZED...

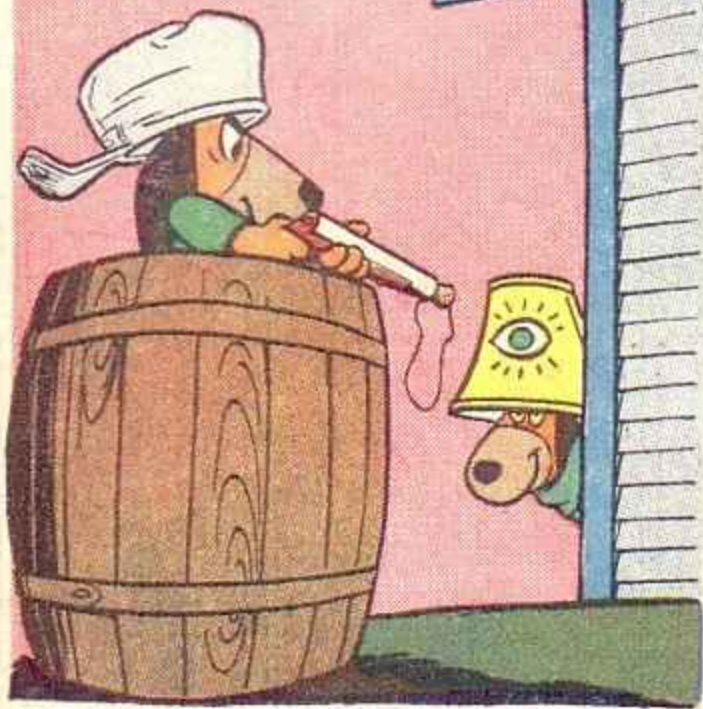
HEH! CIRCLE SLOWLY AND CARRY A BIG MIRROR IS MY MOTTO NOW!

AND THE SCARIER THE SAURUSES, THE BETTER!

YAY, FOR PROGRESS!

End

INTERPLANETARY INVADER



"So this is what my son Augie is reading!" said Doggie Daddy, as he picked up a book from the table. It was titled *Clyde Cosmic—Space Age*, and on the cover was a picture of fearless Clyde menaced by a frightful fire-breathing creature.

"Ho ho!" chuckled Daddy. "I wonder if my imaginative offspring really believes this stuff!"

He was about to put the book down when suddenly he heard a shout behind him.

"Don't move a muscle, Dear Dad! You are in dire danger!" yelled Augie.

"Huh?" said Dear Dad, whirling around.

Augie was standing in the doorway, a toy popgun in his hand. At that moment he pulled the trigger, and a cork flew out, hitting Doggie Daddy right on the nose!

"Ouch!" cried Doggie Daddy.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Dear Father!" cried Augie. "I meant to hit that fire-breathing monster that was going to carry you off to Mars or someplace."

"What . . . ?" began Dad, then caught himself. "Oh, yeah, THAT monster! If you hadn't come along and scared him off, I'd sure be on my way to Mars or someplace! Thanks a lot, my dear courageous son!"

"That's all right, Precious Pafer!" said Augie, as he ran outside. "Now I have to go

and fight off some more interplanetary invaders who want to take over Earth."

"Heh heh!" chuckled Doggie Daddy. "What an imagination that son of mine has!"

He looked out of the window. Augie was in the back yard huddled in a barrel, with an old pot on his head.

"Prepare for landing!" he shouted. "Activate reverse thrust rockets!" and then, to some imaginary person at his side, he said, "I hope the creatures on this planet are friendly, Clyde, but keep your superfrazzle ray-gun at the ready!"

Then Doggie Daddy got an idea. "I think I will have a little fun with my imaginative young son."

He got an old lamp shade and painted a big green eye on it. Then he put it on his head and wrapped a blanket around himself and he sneaked out through the back door.

Augie was busy in his barrel, fighting off imaginary creatures with his popgun.

"Zap! Got you!" he cried. "That'll teach you space monsters to tangle with us brave Earthlings."

Dad thought this was a good time, so he crept around the corner of the house on all fours and let out a wild screech.

"Earthlings, go home!" he shrieked, "or be destroyed!"

Augie swung around, his eyes wide with astonishment. "Go back, you monster!" he cried. "Or I'll ZAP you, too!"

Augie pulled the trigger of the popgun but nothing happened. Then he frantically threw away the useless weapon and grabbed a stick. Whap! Crack! Augie yielded a vicious wallop right on his father's lampshade!

"Like I said," yelled Augie, "that'll teach you space monsters to tangle with us Earthlings! Now leave! Scram!"

Poor, beat Doggie Daddy made a hasty retreat into the house, leaving the field to his triumphant son.

Moments later, Augie came running into the house. "Dad! Dear Dad!" he shouted. "I just clobbered a real, live space monster! I really did! And it wasn't an imaginary monster, either!"

"I believe you, strong armed son of mine," replied Doggie Daddy, rubbing his head. Then he said to himself, "I only wish this bump on my head was imaginary!"

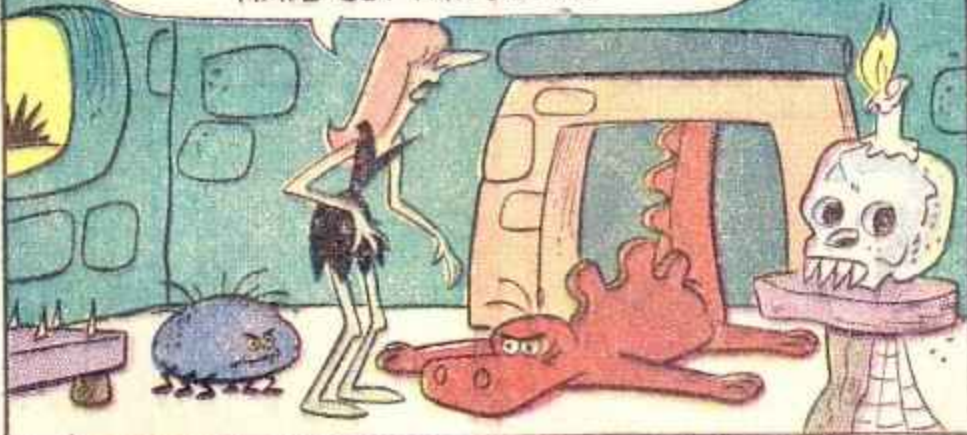
Hanna-Barbera

THE GRUESOMES

HOME, HORRID HOME



THE LIVING ROOM IS RATHER DRAB!
COULD BE THE SORRY-SURROUNDINGS
HAVE GOT HIM DOWN!



WELL, I'LL FIX THAT
IN A SWIFT JIFFY!



I'LL REDECORATE
THE LIVING ROOM...



...AND THEREBY JOLLY-UP
MY SOUR SWEETIE!



I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO
SEE THE CHANGE IN HIM!



WHO SET THIS BOOBY-TRAP FOR ME?

OH, MY!



SHORTLY... :SNIFF! THEN AFTER HE
CHOPPED-UP THE PIANO,
HE HISSED AT ME!

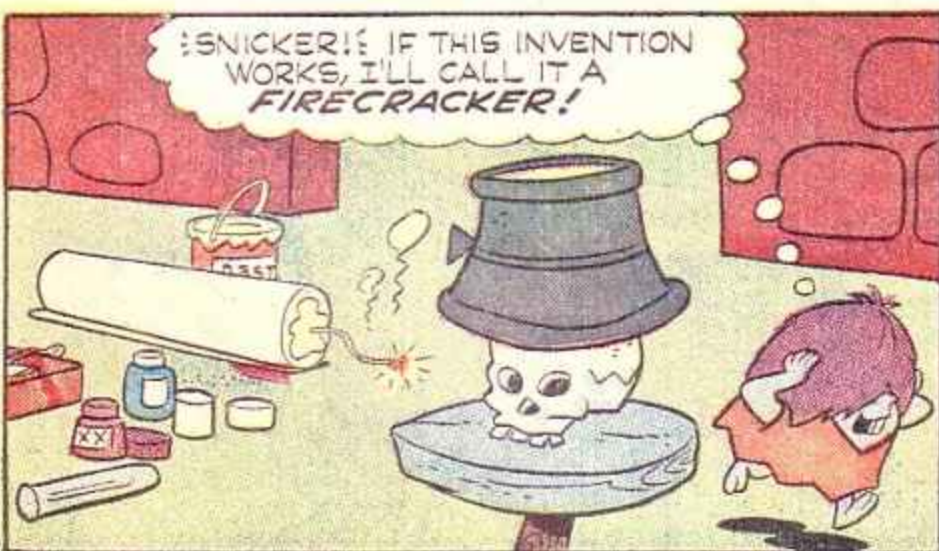
AND HE NEVER
EVEN NOTICED
THE GAY GRAY
WALLS, EH?



PERHAPS SOMETHING MORE
VIVID... LIKE THIS BLACK AND
BLUE WALLPAPER?

OOH!
LOVELY!







G-GOBBY!
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE?



RELAX, MOM... I WAS MERELY BEING *CREATIVE!*
SEE? I CREATED *HAVOC* IN HERE!

OH, NO!



SEEK SHELTER... HERE COMES PAPPY,
UP FROM THE PIT!

WHAT'S ALL
THE RACKET?



HEY! THIS IS
MORE LIKE IT!



AND SO...

I DROOL
OVER THIS
BOMBED-OUT
EFFECT!

IMAGINE... THE REAL PROBLEM
WAS THAT THE PLACE WASN'T
HORRID ENOUGH FOR HIM!

I'M A
CHILD GENIUS!
EE-YAH-HA-HA!

CAVE KIDS

KNOTTY BUT NICE



HEY!
A NEW
FAMILY IS
MOVING IN
ON CHALK
WALK
WAY!

I WONDER
IF THEY'VE GOT
ANY *KIDS*!



WOW!
THEY'VE SURE
GOT FANCY
FURNITURE...
ALL *KNOTTY
PINE!*



LOOK! THEY *DO* HAVE
A *KID*... AND HE'S
FANCY, TOO!



... HE HAS A
KNOTTY PINE
CLUB OF
ALL THINGS!

HA-HA!
SISSY
STUFF!

DO YOU LIKE
THE VARNISH
FINISH?



GIVE ME A GOOD PLAIN
OAKIE ANY DAY!

YEAH! A
HE-BOYS'
CLUB!



ER...WON'T YOU PLAY WITH ME, FELLOW CHILDREN?

UH-UH...NEVER!

WHO WANTS TO BE SEEN WITH A KNOTTY-PINE PACKIN' PERCY?



SNIFF! THEY WON'T EVEN GIVE ME A CHANCE!



GRROOOOFF!!

EEEK! A TOOTHISAURUS!



TCH-TCH! THEIR GOOD OLD "OAKIE" CLUBS ARE QUITE INADEQUATE WEAPONS!

BASH!

GNASH!



RUN! FLEE!

SNORT!



TUT-TUT, FELLOWS... WATCH ME... OLIVER ONYX!



HA-HA-HA!
LOOK AT
THE SISSY'S
FANCY CLUB
GO KNOTTY!



SNORT!



IT'S A KNOTTY PROBLEM
UNDERFOOT FOR THE
UGLY BRUTE!

OINX!



BONK!

SERVES
HIM
RIGHT!



NOW I'LL SELL THIS PROSTRATE
SPECIMEN TO THE ZOO AND REAP
A NEAT LITTLE PROFIT!



AND SO...

FROM NOW ON I'LL NEVER
JUDGE A KID BY THE CLUB
HE CARRIES!

LET'S HAVE ANOTHER
ROUND OF SODAS
ON ME!

YAY
FOR
YOU!

the end

CAVE KIDS

THE BIG CATCH



BRICK BENTROCK MAKES ME SICK THE WAY HE BRAGS ABOUT THE BIG FISH HE CATCHES!

BUT THE GIRLS ALL TREAT HIM LIKE A TRIUMPHANT HERO!

HUMPH!

...THAT LONG...

OOH!

OOH!

LET'S SHOW HIM UP, HUH? HOW ABOUT US CATCHING SOME *REALLY* BIG FISH?

I SECOND THE MOTION!

LAST ONE TO GET HIS BAIT WET IS A TONGUE-TIED PARROT!

AND QUICKER THAN A WINK...

YAHOO! I CAUGHT A GOOD-SIZED FISH, ALREADY!

YAH-YAH... LOOK AT *THIS* CATCH, BRICK!

ER... EXCUSE ME, LADIES... WAR IS DECLARED!



STAND ASIDE, MEN... I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE CRUSHED BY THE MONSTER I'M GOING TO FLIP ONTO THE SHORE!



HUMPH! LISTEN TO THE BIG BOASTER!

HEE-HAW!

HE'LL LIKELY LATCH ONTO A LITTLE MINNOW!



SPLAT!

HEY!

YOW!

OOF!

I WARNED YOU, CHUMMIES!



ARE WE GOING TO TAKE THIS LAYING DOWN?

NO!

... LEAST, NOT AFTER WE GET UP!



LET'S HAVE A POWWOW!

THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN LUCK... I THINK IT'S THE BAIT HE USES!



I THINK I CAN RECALL ONE OF HIS WORM-HUNTS ON MY CRYSTAL BALL!

YOU'RE OKAY, GYPSY!



THERE'S BRICK ENTERING HARD-FLOOR VALLEY... HE'LL NOT BE ABLE TO DIG FOR WORMS **THERE!**



SO THAT'S IT! HE USES HIS FATHER'S DIGGY-O-SAURUS!



THE ONLY CRITTER MY FATHER OWNS IS AN OLD MODEL-A-SAURUS!

WE'RE OUT OF LUCK!



BUT LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND HARD-FLOOR VALLEY... JUST IN CASE!

YEAH! MAYBE A BIG WORM WILL COME UP FOR A SUN BATH!

HARD-FLOOR VALLEY



KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, MEN!



THUNK!

HOOF!



I WAS LOOKING UP AND I DIDN'T SEE THAT ROOT!

LOOKING UP FOR WORMS?



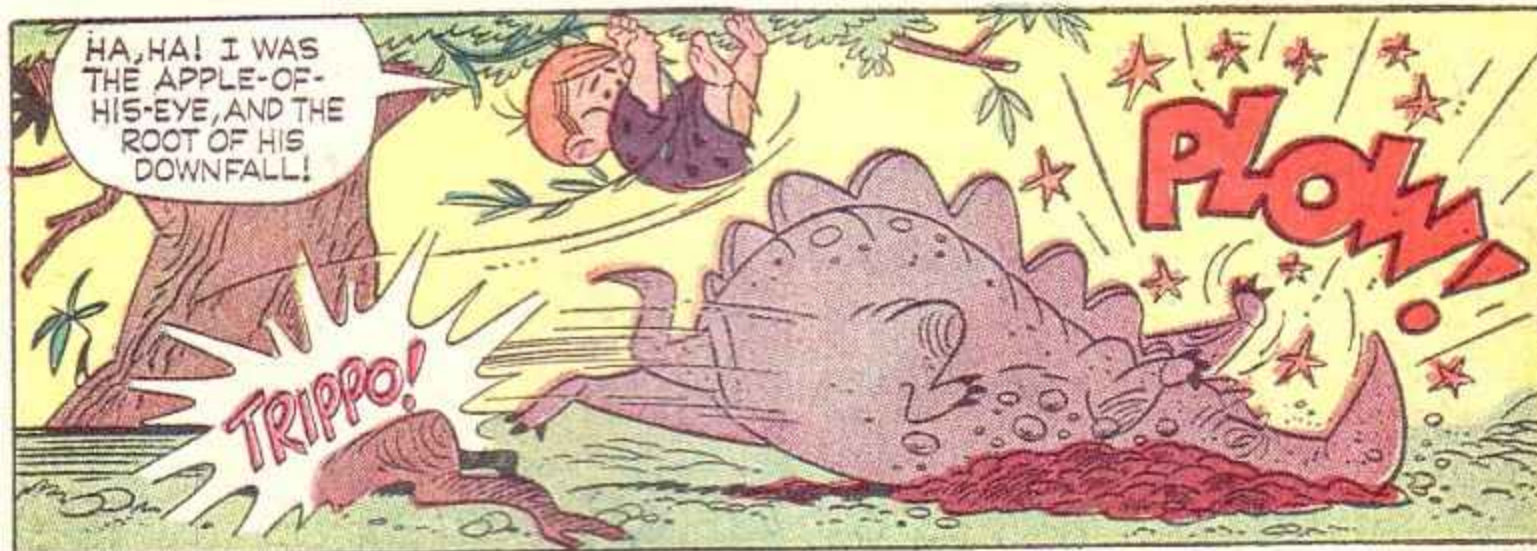
SURE! HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN WORMY APPLES?

ERK!



LOOK OUT, GUYS... A RIPPY-SNOOTLIS IS CHASING ME!

HMM... SHEEPY'S ACCIDENT GIVES ME AN IDEA...





HA-HA-HA! GIVING UP, BRICK?

NOT AT ALL!



I'M GOING OUT ON BEEFY BAY IN MY BOAT TO DO SOME DEEP SEA FISHING!



(SIGH!) I SUPPOSE HE'LL CATCH A DOUBLE-WHOOPER OUT THERE!

MAYBE WE OUGHTA START BUILDING A BOAT!



EEK! HALP!

ER... ON SECOND THOUGHT... LET'S NOT BUILD A BOAT!



A SEA MONSTER!

A PADDLE-TAILED SWALLOW-PUSS!

HALP! HE'S MAKING WAVES GO DOWN HIS THROAT!

SPLASH! SPLASH!



I... I'M GONNA END UP DOWN HIS HORRIBLE HATCH!



POOR GUY! HE'S AS HELPLESS AS A FISH ON A HOOK!

HMM... THAT GIVES ME A BRAIN-BOMB!



C'MON...LET'S RUN AROUND TO THE CLIFF-SIDE OF THE BAY!



AND JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME...

HUH? I'M HOOKED!



HA-HAI THAT LAST PADDLE WAS SUPPOSED TO SPLOSH ME DOWN!

SMACKO!



BOY, I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL EVER THANK YOU GUYS!

DON'T BOTHER!



THE MERE FACT THAT WE WERE ABLE TO "CATCH" YOU IS QUITE A FEATHER IN OUR CAP!

?



WE CAUGHT THE BIGGEST FISHERMAN AROUND...BRICK BENTROCK! ...THIS BIG!

I'M GONNA TAKE UP BUTTERFLY COLLECTING!

50ccc

50ccc

SMALL STUFF

